

ON THE  
**RECOVERY**  
OF OUR MOST  
Gracious Queen  
**KATHARINE**  
FROM  
HER Late Grievous and Deplorable  
Fit of Sicknesse.



A  
**VISION:**

By E. C. Med. Dr. Coll. Lon.

LONDON,  
Printed in the Year, MDCLXIV.

*4. Rawl. 590.*

RECOVER Y

Gracious Queen

KATHARINE

Her Grace the Duchess and Dowager  
of Sidmouth




W. E. C. Med. Lib. Coll. Lon.

London

Printed in the Year, MDCLXIV.

TO THE  
**K I N G S**  
 MOST EXCELLENT  
**M A J E S T Y.**

**S I R,**  
 **HE** Queen is Yours, so is Your Royall Mother, and though in some respects You may again be called Theirs: yet are You absolutely Your Own. I also by the Protection of Your Royall Government, am Yours; Your yet Living and loving Subject: and Your good Lady, is to this small and else perishable Piece, by Gods great mercy a living Theme. So all is Yours great **S I R.** Accept I pray Your own. Which in my Duty I here first present to Your Majesty; so as that afterward those Your dear Relatives, by my Dedications, may see their several Interests in the occasion not neglected. It had come earlier had it not met with some Obstacles, where may be, it needed not; and been troubled with a modest expectation of its Betters coming out before it: which being they have not done, my singularity I hope will satisfie for the lost opportunity: And like him that out of Ten, return'd to thank our Saviour, be accepted for being but one, and be not very well acquainted.

*Calend. Jan.*  
 1664.

Your Majesties most humble and Loyal Subject  
**EDMUND COOPER,**  
 Med. Dr. Coll. Lond.





To the most Serene Majesty of HENRIETTA  
MARIA QUEEN Dowager of ENGLAND,  
Mother of our Dread Sovereign  
CHARLES the Second.

*May it please Your Majesty.*

**A**S the Greatness of Your Concernment in  
the present good of our Dread Sovereign  
and his dear Consort, and the interest in  
the felicity of their Succession; render You the fit-  
test object, for the application of any our expressions  
of Joy, or hope thereof: So the goodness of Your  
greatness it is, that lays the way open to Your Throne  
of Favour, where We may offer up such Devotions.  
Wherefore presuming that my boldness is already  
Pardoned, I adventure to present to the gracious  
acceptance of your fair Hands, these silly Papers.  
I Madam that am not worthy to Kiss your Royall  
Feet, but am ready to stand off, at what distance  
your Majesty shall please, and be your Majestyes,

Most humbly devoted Creature

EDMUND COOPER,

Med. Dr. Coll.  
Lond.

*Calend. Jan.*

1664.

THE  
JOURNAL  
OF  
THE  
SOCIETY  
FOR  
THE  
IMPROVEMENT  
OF  
THE  
MORALS  
OF  
THE  
JUVENILE  
PART  
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HUMANITY

Vol. 1. No. 1. 1800.  
LONDON:  
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1800.

TO THE MOST  
 Gracious Majesty  
 OF  
 KATHARINE  
 QUEEN OF  
 ENGLAND, &c.

*May it please Your Majesty.*

**W**HAT I have before Dedicated to the  
 Royall Queen Dowager, your pious Mo-  
 ther, as the fittest Object; because of  
 Her double Title to you, (for you are Madam the  
 Child first of Her Alliance, and then again of Her  
 Prayers, to which I am perswaded the Almighty  
 conceded much, in the time of Your late Infirmary.)  
 What I then directed to Her Majesty, I now present  
 unto Your virtuous Self, as the Subject on whom  
 GOD wrought that Deliverance, and in whom  
 therefore there must needs be some neerer & greater  
 degree of joy and sence. This Madam I beseech  
 Your Majesty to accept, both because dangers past  
 are of a happy memory, or else he was mistaken that  
 Said,

———Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

Virgil. Æn.

*Tea.*



Yea and because they are likewise of a happy fertility, producing much thanks and praise to GOD that brought Us out of them: not to speak of the regularity they sometimes work after in our lives, because your Majesties needed not to be rectified. Now seeing I have happened upon the word Fertility, give me leave to tell your Majesty, that I have a strong Presumption, that this your late Sickness will conduce much thereto in your own temperament. Your Body of Portugall is all wasted and consumed. If you shall now betake you to an English Dyet, so brave an alteration will be made in your Majesties Constitution, that we shall have a Prince built out of You like His Father, to make Us up a long lasting happyness here, and to wait upon your Majesties old Age, to that which lasts for ever hereafter.

As Prayes

Calend. Jan.  
1664.

Your Majesties most humble

Votary and Beads-Man

EDMUND COOPER,

Med. Dr. Coll.

Lond.

A





*On the Recovery of our most Gracious Queen  
KATHARINE from Her late greivous and  
deplorable fit of Sicknefs.*

# A VISION:

---

**S**ick with dire Pangs, & quite bereav'd of breath,  
I came at last unto the door of Death.  
Dolefome the way was, and I all alone :

Many go other wayes, this way but one,  
One at a time, yet not one every Age :  
And he that does, returnes and can presage.  
When 'ther I came, I saw a multitude  
Of Men and Women kind, that would obtrude  
Themselves on Fate. These People the mild Law  
Of Nature urg'd not, but the dreadfull awe  
Of sad misfortunes : With impetuous Knocks

B

And

And Cryes, these beat the Ayre, and break the Locks ;  
 But Death will not be forc'd : what in their Wood  
 And fiery mood they break, he still makes good.  
 From the dark Chambers of his hollow Cave,  
 At length proceeds a Voice, bidding them save  
 Their breath and labour, which might chance to fail  
 When they least wou'd, his house was not a Jayle  
 For Debtors, nor a Spittal for the Poor :  
 Room for your Betters, get you from the Door.  
 Wi'that the trembling Crowd did straight divide  
 It self in equal numbers to each side,  
 And made a Lane. Thought I, my turn's now come :  
 For I had Nature's warrant and her doom.  
 So I advanc'd, but ere I could come neer,  
 Down the broad Road, so nigh that I could see'r,  
 With specious Pomp comes me a glorious Dame :  
 Doubt and Dispaire went next her, but her Name  
 I heard not yet ; Anon the Door unbarr'd,  
 Doubt that went stumbling, and Dispaire drove hard,  
 Which shook her fore : all this when I had seen ;

Out

Out breaks a Cry, alas it is the Queen,  
*Englands* most VIRTUOUS KATHARINE. Then there blew  
 Off from the Land, mix'd with a temp'rate dew,  
 A lusty gale of Wind, which threw about  
 Her conducts, here and there among the rout.  
 This, I was told, was made of the low'd Pray'rs,  
 And the still Teares of him that wanteth Heir's  
 And his true Friends. The way thus cleer'd, this Wind  
 Made to the Gate ; which though Death stood behind  
 With his grim Porters, and made much ado  
 To keep wide open, yet it forced too.  
 Great muttering there was among the Crowd  
 For 'fault of entrance : One cry'd out aloud  
 'Twas breach of Privilege, for Princes shou'd  
 Be 'tended by those Subjects that are good,  
 Aswell in Death as when they are alive :  
 And to this purpose cited \* Twenty-five ;  
 Another Forty-eight : \* The Year that bled  
 All Loyal hearts, about one Royal Head.  
 The tumult so encreas'd, that I had thought,

\* The sickness  
 Year at the  
 death of King  
 JAMES.

\* when King  
 CHARLES  
 the First was  
 Murdred.

They wou'd have man'd a Party, to have brought  
 The Body neerer. Then stands up a Third,  
 And craves their patience while he spoke a word,  
 All were content. And as we see what peace is  
 Upon the Water, when the Wind once ceases,  
 So was it here. He having stroak'd his Beard,  
 And long neglected Whiskers, which I fear'd  
 Wou'd else have stop'd his mouth, cry'd there's no reason  
 Ye shou'd be thus come guilty of a Treason :  
 And through a vaine desire Ye have to die ;  
 Draw in a Soul reserv'd by Destiny,  
 To bless the World : Ye may yet live and press  
 As now to die, t'enjoy that happynesse  
 She shall disperse abroad, and the bless'd Seed  
 King CHARLES shall reap of her, there is no need.  
 My friends of all this heat : stand still and see  
 The end, it may be happy ; They agree.  
 Mean while the Dame quit of her Drivers, rested  
 In quiet sleep ; and by that means digested  
 Her crude disease : and though the light was small

Of the dimme hope that She made shift withall,  
 Yet up She set her Self in Her sad Bed,  
 And hardly to Her half compos'd head  
 Rais'd She her trembling Hand. Then She bethought her  
 How She came thither, who it was that brought her :  
 But most of all, when she saw all the Pack  
 Of her Attendants gone, how to get back.  
 Then tack'd the wind about, but breath'd more dry  
 And gently then it had before ; for why,  
 The cause of fear and tears was done away :  
 But Pray'r was not to cease. On the wind lay  
 As 'twere a Globe of Light, but without heat,  
 'Tended by Angels. And on that, in great  
 And Capital Letters written one might see,  
 The Words repeated, *BLESSINGS UPON THEE.*  
 Hence did one Ray descend upon the Bed  
 Where the Queen lay, which greatly comforted  
 Her Feaver wasted Spirits : another smote  
 Upon an Instrument of ravishing Note,  
 Self-moving by the influence of that Light,  
 So the Queen slept the space of a whole night.  
 Then moov'd the Bed, and as it went along,

Voyces:

Voyces to that same Musick sung this Song.

*This new life to Thee is given  
Not by man's Pow'r or skill,  
But by the hand of Heaven ;  
Of whose favour and good will  
So order'd 'twas  
To come to passe,  
That by thy danger thou might'st see  
How neer thou art  
unto the heart  
Of him that Pray'd, and weep'd for Thee.*

*Live now and augment his Joyes :  
Thy Virtues be his Crown :  
Let him Father Girles and Boyes;  
That may live in great Renown.  
He that did shut,  
And close to put  
The door of Death, and set Thee free ;  
Hath seen thy Griefe  
And sent reliefe :  
He will ope thy Womb for Thee.*

*Nations shall fear before Thy Seed ;  
The Seignior not be Grand :  
Th it's kept for King Charles Breed;  
Which now we all see neer at hand,  
Against the Turk  
There's now a Work  
Which if France will not do ;  
Bear thou a Son  
Shall Over-run*

France,



France, and the Grand Seignior too.

Only do not fear, to eat  
 As our English Ladies do ;  
 And refuse no kind of meat,  
 For a fond\* scruple or two :  
 English Beefe  
 Is the chiefe  
 And he that shall inherit  
 Of a Body  
 Must be boddy,  
 And must have an English Spirit.

\* Not Religious directing, but Phantastick correcting your good appetite with this or that is not good for your Majestie when perhaps You would willingly eat it.

The Song thus ended, the Sick bed arriv'd  
 At the Queens Chamber, and She still reviv'd,  
 There with fresh Musick She was resaluted,  
 And they that thought Death good, being confuted  
 With hope of Blissess here, remain'd to try  
 With me, the issue of this Prophecy.  
 Only this Song detein'd us at Whitehall  
 A while, and after that we parted all.

Gods Law is pure, a light unto thy Paths,  
 And to thy Feet a guid :  
 To keep it, makes the hands more fine  
 Then Gloues perfum'd with Jessamine,  
 Or what's rare else besides.

Vaine thing is man, and all the sonnes of Men,  
 They can't do what they woud :  
 For Flesh is frail, and mindes do change,  
 Things as they are appointed range,  
 And roul as doth the Flood.

Then

Then God alone the strong and mighty Lord,  
 must be your sure repose,  
 He varies not, and what he will  
 Is done in Earth, in Heaven, and Hell;  
 All things else are but shewes.

Thus having set your heart and hopes aright,  
 Upon an Object true :  
 Let the Earth shake at the Foundations,  
 And with it chop and change the Nations,  
 There shall be rest for You.

For look how far the bright Meridian Sun  
 Is set beyond the Arme,  
 Of him that doth an Arrow shoot ;  
 (We all know well he can't come to't,)  
 So far are You from harme.

Nay that's not all to be secure from ill,  
 Not all that he will give,  
 But life and Glory, Joy and Blisse,  
 And that Eternal shall be His :  
 That doth in Him believe.

After all this there was a pretty Jigg,  
 Some tating Gossips came, and Knighted Trigg.

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FINIS.

---

To the most Illustrious Princess  
Anne Duchess of York  
On her late Recovery

Madam Mayt please your  
Highness

One morning being in your Lodgings with  
your Chaplin Dr Crowther, and shewing  
him what I intended to the Queene upon  
her Recovery: the unwelcome news came to  
us of your Sickness, & that you were that  
morning to bee lett blood, you conceive I  
hope Madam, that you had then our prayer  
I now Intreat you receive my Joy for your  
restaurâtion, which I have annexed in a few  
written lines to one of the Queenes printed  
Coppies, being your Graces next to her  
Majestic in place & our Affections, & the  
Press had ended with mee etc. I knew  
of

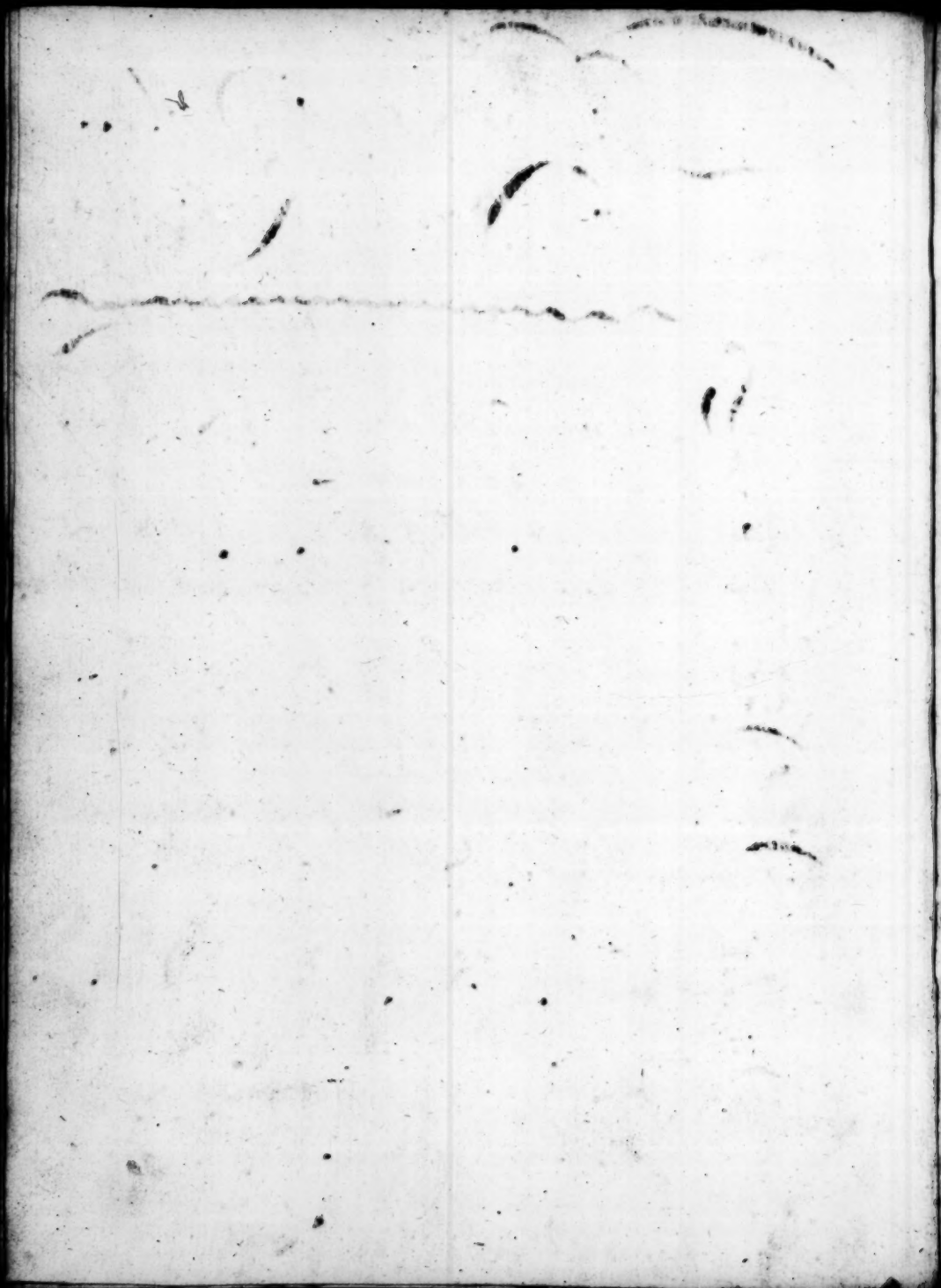
Of your Amendment

Your Grace's most humble  
Servant Edmund Cooper  
med. Dr. Coll. Lond.

# The Poem on y<sup>e</sup> Duchess of York's Recovery

Virtus, Good happ, with Beauty, & y<sup>e</sup> Graces  
Dwelt severall heretofore, & had their places  
Virtue with Angells, Beauty in y<sup>e</sup> Stars  
Good happ sometimes with Love, sometimes <sup>part</sup> in  
Noe Emulation, lett what woud betide,  
But favour went still with the better side.  
Till Pallas at a Council did decree,  
All shoud Concentre & keep house in thee.  
This begat Envy, & when noe Abuse  
Durst touch thy Virtues, none durst to traduce  
Thy Heav'nly Beauty, Downe to Death shee <sup>went</sup>  
And fetcht up Sickness; with its punishment  
To blast & tarnish't, which Good Happ repell'd  
Gainst thy Good fortune, shee began her swelling  
But lett her burst with all y<sup>e</sup> wish thee Ill  
And bee thou Virtuouse, faire & happy still,







Happy in your Great Father, by whose care  
And Virtuous Carriage tis things stand thus fayre  
Whose Wisdom brought's our King & Lawes & Temples  
Whose words are Oracles, whose works Examples  
Happy in your Great Mother, her that owes  
For being Great with you, thanks to her throes  
More in your Greater Husband, may your Love  
Like Turtles mutuall & endless prove  
May yee grow old together, yet not know  
One of you by the tocher, that tis so  
As into yeares yce grow in Riches swim  
Hec laying out for you, you in for him.  
Bee happy in your Issue, let them spring  
Like Olives to your selfe, but for the King  
Like that stout Oak, that gave him safe repose  
In stormy danger from his blustering foes  
Happy in trusty Servants, Loving friends  
Discreet Companions, Counsel without Ends  
And when so happy, none can add thereto  
Madam, let them bee happy all in you.  
And I also Madam, your  
Hightnes instant Orator  
Edm. Cooper

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf from an old book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor creases and discoloration, particularly along the edges. There are faint, illegible markings scattered across the surface, which appear to be ink bleed-through from the text on the reverse side of the page. The overall tone is a warm, off-white or light beige.

And Now my most Honourable  
Lord Chancellour having brought  
all this happines home as we say  
to your owne doore I wait but to  
put it into your gracious hands  
& shall depart your Honours  
most ready & faithfull Servant

Edm. Cooper m<sup>d</sup>. Dr  
C<sup>t</sup> & Lond.